

TALES

CRYPTO

THE CRYPTOCOMM



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S TALE

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A LIVING CORPSE, DEAR READER? DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE DEAD CAN BE REVIVED? THAT THEY CAN BE MADE TO LIVE ONCE AGAIN? THEN READ THIS STORY, ONE OF THE BEST OF MY TERROR-TALES! THAT I KEEP HERE IN THE CRYPT! IT IS THE STORY OF JAMES COOPER, AND HOW HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD! I CALL IT...

A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE!



MY STORY BEGINS IN A COURTROOM, SWOOSHED WITH THE CURIOUS WHO HAVE COME TO WATCH A CONVICTED MURDERER BE SENTENCED TO DEATH... AND IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT, JAMES COOPER, THAT YOU BE SENT TO STATE PRISON, AND THERE BE ELECTROCUITED ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 17TH... AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!

NO... NO!



I'VE BEEN PLANNED OF YOU! YOU'VE ALL AGAINST ME! BUT... I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL COME BACK, AND I'LL GET YOU... ALL OF YOU! I'LL HAVE REVENGE! LET'S GO, COOPER!



THE EVENING PAPERS CARRIED BLASPHEMOUS HEADLINES OF JAMES COOPER'S THREAT...

EVENING BUG
CONVICTED MURDERER
SWEARS REVENGE!!
TO RETURN FROM THE DEAD!
JURY MEMBERS AWAITED!

NOTHER TO THE
DEATH ROW



BUT A FEW NIGHTS LATER, IN A RAMSHAKED HOUSE OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

FOR THE JUDGE PRIDE, GENTLEMEN, I CAN BRING JAMES COOPER BACK FROM THE DEAD... AND KEEPE HIM ALIVE AFTER HE HAS BEEN ELECTROCUITED!

WHAT?
YOU CAN
BRING HIM
ALIVE
AGAIN?



THAT IS CORRECT! I HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON ELECTROCUITION DEATHS FOR MANY YEARS, AND HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL WITH JABBALEK! I HAVE LOVED TO EXPERIMENT ON A HUMAN... THAT IS WHY I'VE CONTACTED YOU!



AND SO... A FEW DAYS BEFORE JAMES COOPER WAS TO SIT IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR... HE HAD A VISITOR IN THE DEATH HOUSE...

WHAT DO YOU THINK, JAMES?
WANT TO CHANGE IT?

OF COURSE, YOU FOOL! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? PAY HIM HIS MONEY!



THE DEAL WAS MADE, AND ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 17TH, AT THE APPOINTED HOUR...

ALL RIGHT, COOPER!
LET'S GO!

SURE, BABY!
SWEET!



DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR TO THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR, THE CONVICTED MAN... PLACED BY THE HARBOR AND A GUARD... SLOWLY MADE HIS WAY DOWN THE "LAST MILE".



OUTSIDE THE DARK GREY WALLS, IN THE PRISON YARD, STOOD A BLACK HEARSE. A FACE PEERED OUT FROM BEHIND SHADOWED CONTAINERS...



A SMALL MAN STEPPED TO A CONTROL PANEL AND PULLED A SWITCH...



THE HEAVY DOOR SWUNG OPEN INSIDE, SAY REPORTERS AS THEY HAD TO COVER THE EXECUTION...



WHILE WITHIN, THE PRISONER WAS BEING STRAPPED INTO THE LETHAL CHAIR...

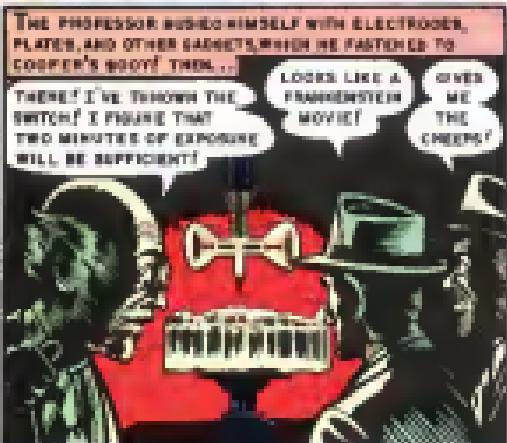
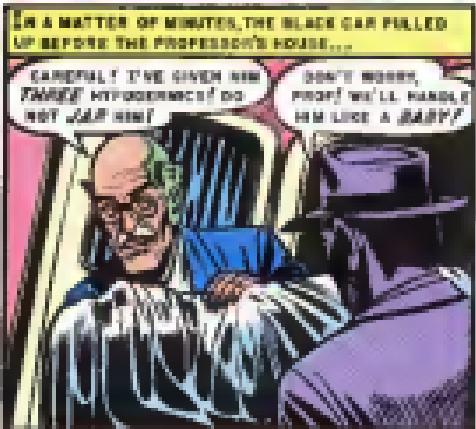


ELECTRODES WERE FASTENED INTO PLACE...



THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH AND BURSED HAIR FILLED THE ROOM AS THE LIGHTS DIMMED. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, A DOCTOR STEPPED FORWARD AND PLACED HIS STETHOSCOPE ON JAMES COOPER'S HEART...





SLOWLY THE GRAPED FIGURE STIRRED... THEN SAT
UP. THE SHEET FELL, REVEALING...

...SCORCHED HIS FLESH
IS ALL BURNED!

CERTAINLY! HE
HAS BEEN SUB-
JECTED TO A
VERY HIGH
AMPERAGE
CURRENT!

HE LOOKS...
INFERNO!

DO NOT WORRY!
WITH PROPER
ARTERIATION,
HE WILL RECOVER!

WHAT... WHAT...
HAPPENED?



TAKE IT EASY,
JIMMY! YOU'VE
HAD A TERRIBLE
TIME!

...I REMEMBER...
HOW! THE CHAIR...
I WAS ELECTROCUTED!

THIS IS THE PROFESSOR
I WAS TELLING YOU
ABOUT, JIMMY! HE
REVIVED YOU!

GIVE
ME A
SHOT!

WHAT...?
YOU HEARD ME?
GIVE ME A SHOT!
NOT
NOW?



DON'T GIVE HIM ANYTHING
UNTIL I'VE HAD TIME TO
DETERMINE WHETHER
HIS BRAIN HAS BEEN
DAMAGED!

LOOKY! HOW
REALLY BAD!

DAMN,
BETTER
SUBST.
HERE!

THANKS FOR THE FAVOR, PROF!

JIMMY! DON'T
YOU...



YOU KNOW, I CAN'T
HAVE DONE THAT,
JIMMY! HE WAS
BORNNA, IT'S UP
YOUR SHIRT!"

DON'T NEED
IT ANY MORE...
I'M BORNNA &
GET THAT
JERRY!"

WAIT, JIMMY!
DON'T DO NOTHING
FOLKS! LET'S FORGET
THE JURY THING!
"JUST DO THEIR
DUTY!"

I BEFORE
REVERENT
HOW EM
WINS TO
GET IT!"

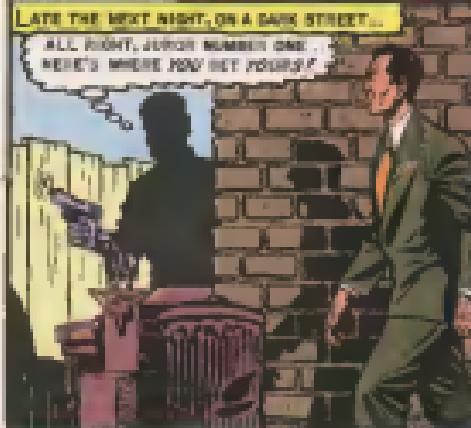
HE'S
DAMNED!
HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE
ALL THERE!"

MARIE... WHAT
THE PROF SAID
ABOUT HIS BRAIN
BEING DAMAGED...



LATE THE NEXT NIGHT, ON A DARK STREET...

ALL RIGHT, JUROR NUMBER ONE,
WHERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS?



WHO? WHO IS IT?
I... NO... AD...
COOPER



AND THE NEXT MORNING...



MEANWHILE, AT THE COOPER GANG'S HIDE-OUT...

IT'S THE
BOSS!"

GOOD GOD,
LOOK AT HIM!

HE LOOKS
WORSE THAN
YESTERDAY!

WHAT ARE
YOU STARING
AT?"





AND THE PAPERS PLAYED IT UP...

STAR NEWS



THE POLICE KILLED SUSPECT AFTER SUSPECT FELAILED WHILE THE OTHER JURORS WERE UNDER POLICE PROTECTION...

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL TALK, I'LL TALK! IT'S COOPER! HE'S ALIVE!

YOU'RE LYING!

WHAT? THEN WHY DON'T YOU LOOK IN HIS GRAVE FOR HIS BODY?

HOGAR! GET THE NECESSARY PAPERS! WE'LL TAKE THIS EVIDENCE'S SUGGESTION!

BY COURT ORDER THE GRAVE OF JAMES COOPER WAS OPENED...



IT! IT'S EMPTY! HE'S ALIVE!

IT CAN'T BE! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!



THAT NIGHT, JAMES COOPER AGAIN ROAMED THE CITY, BEING CAREFUL TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT. HE WAS A HORRIFYING SIGHT. HIS FLESH HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED FROM HIS BODY!

WHILE THE GUYS ARE GUARDING THE JUDGES, I'LL GET THE JUDGE THAT SENTENCED ME...



HIS HORRIFIC FACE PEERED INTO THE STUDY OF JUDGE WARREN HAWLEY...

COOPER HE'S ALONE!



SLOWLY HE OPENED THE FRENCH DOORS AND ENTERED.

COOPER / GOOD LORD! WHAT HAVE YOU LOOK LIKE...

I'VE GONE TO KILL YOU JUDGE!



THE JUDGE SNATCHED A POKER FROM THE NEARBY FIREPLACE... AND AS COOPER ADVANCED TOWARD HIM...

KEEP AWAY, COOPER... KEEP AWAY! ALL RIGHT? YOU FORGE ME TO...



THE BLOW FROM THE HEAVY IRON POKER CAUGHT COOPER ACROSS THE FACE, AND THE REMAINING FLESH FELL AWAY. THEN...

HE... HE COLLAPSED INTO A HORN OF BONES... AND DIED...



LATER, AFTER THE CORONER HAD EXAMINED COOPER'S REMAINS...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT, JUDGE. YOU SAY HE FALKED AND DIED? ACCORDING TO MY TESTIMONY, HE'S BEEN DEAD SINCE NOVEMBER 7TH!

DEAD? BUT, HE LIVES... I SAW HIM...



YOU JUDGE COOPER LIVED AT LEAST HE MOVED... AND TALKED! HE WAS A LIVING COOPER! AND HIS BODY CONTINUED TO DECAY, AS ALL DEAD BODIES DO! SOON, HE HAS DECAYED TO SUCH A POINT THAT EVEN THE "LIFE" THAT THE POOR OLD PROFESSOR HAS GIVEN HIM SLIPPED AWAY! TOO BAD, THOUGH! HE WAS BETTER TO LOOK REAL PRETTY! DON'T YOU THINK SO? WELL... FOR MORE SPINE-TINGLING TALES, READ ON...

IF YOU

DARE...

THIS IS THE TALE OF TWO PEOPLE WHO VISITED AN AMUSEMENT PARK...AND WERE ~~NOT~~ AMUSED! I CALL IT...

TERROR RIDE!



GEORGE AND RUTH HAD BEEN DRIVING FOR HOURS WHEN THEY SAW THE SIGN...

LOOK, GEORGE! AN AMUSEMENT PARK! LET'S STOP FOR A WHILE!

CHARLOTTE: WE CAN TAKE IN SOME ~~JOKEST~~

THE COOL SEPTEMBER AIR STERED LAZILY AS THEY ENTERED THE ENTRANCE AND WALKED DOWN THE midway...

OH BOY! THE ROLLER COASTER IS CLOSED UP!

LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE PLACE IS BOARDED UP RUTH! THE JUGENDSHITZ ARE, YOU KNOW!



GEORGE AND RUTH STOOD ALONE
ON THE DESERTED MIDWAY.

“WE’RE GLAD
WE MIGHT AS
WELL LEAVE.”

“YEAR’
TODAY.”

SABINE HILY

“WHAT’S THAT,
MUTH?”

“SOUND LIKE
WATER
SPLASHING?”

“OH, LOOK,
SABINE! I
NOW QUARRY!”

“AN OLD MILL
SIDE... WITH A
WATER-
WHEEL!”



“I’M GLAD AT LEAST ONE
WIFE IS OPEN-HEARTED.”

“I DON’T KNOW, GEORGE.
IT’S ALWAYS SO DARK
IN THOSE THINGS...



“MUMM! WHAT BETTER
PLACE TO TAKE MY
NEW BRIDE THAN ON
A DARK BOAT RIDE!”

“OH, GEORGE! STOP...
HOW MANY,
PLEASE?”



“TWO” AREN’T VERY
BUSY, ARE THEY?”

“NOT MANY PEOPLE COME
HERE THIS TIME OF YEAR.”
“TILL RIDE TAKE THE NEXT
BOAT?”



“COMFORTABLE,
HONEY?”

“THUS AS
A DUEL.”

“HAVE A PLEASANT
TRIP, FOLKS!”



THE BOAT WITH GEORGE AND RUTH MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD THE TUMBLING BLACK MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL...

THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE FUN...

PLEASE, GEORGE! THE MAN WILL HURT YOU...

AND THEN...
GODDAMN IT'S DARK!

...THE DARKER THE BETTER!

YOU'RE FRESH, GEORGE ARNOLD!

DID YOU FORGET WHO YOU JUST MARRIED TODAY, MRS. ARNOLD? HOW SAD...

SUDDENLY, A LIGHT FLASHES ON...

WHAT THE...?

WHEW!



OH, IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE WOLF DEXPLAYS THEY HAVE IN THESE STORES!

BUT... IT LOOKS... SO REAL!

THE BOAT MOVES SLOWLY FORWARD, AND THE DISPLAY BARKERS AGAIN...

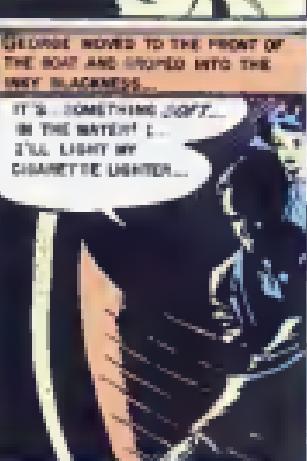
THOSE WAX FIGURES, WHEN THEY'RE DONE BY AN EXPERT, ALWAYS DO LOOK REAL! HOW, WHERE, WHERE WET?

YOU WERE ABOUT
TO GIVE ME A...

HOW HORRIBLE!

BAFF THIS ISN'T
FARFAR AND MORE!
THESE DISPLAYS ARE...
AWFULNESS!





AS THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE SPLASHED THROUGH THE BLACK TUNNEL...

GREAT SHERIFF I JUST
THOUGHT OF SOMETHING, RUTH!



THAT CORRIDOR WAS
REALLY MADE THE
DISPLAYS WERE
REAL TOO!

OH NO...
JIM!



ON THROUGH THE MURKY DARKNESS
THEY RADDLED...

WE'LL BE
OUT SOON!

I...I...I'M
FIREY! I'VE GOT
TO REST,
GEORGE!



HERE! HERE'S A
PLACE TO SIT
DOWN!

THANK GOODNESS!
I'M ABOUT READY
TO...



SUDDENLY, THE PLACE WHERE THEY HAVE STOPPED IS
FLOODDED WITH LIGHT...

IT'S ANOTHER
DISPLAY...

IT IS REAL...
GEORGE...
IT IS REAL!



FEAR AND TERROR CLUTCHED AT THEIR HEARTS AS
GEORGE AND RUTH RUSHED FROM THE HORRIBLE
SCENE FURTHER INTO THE CITY ROOM...

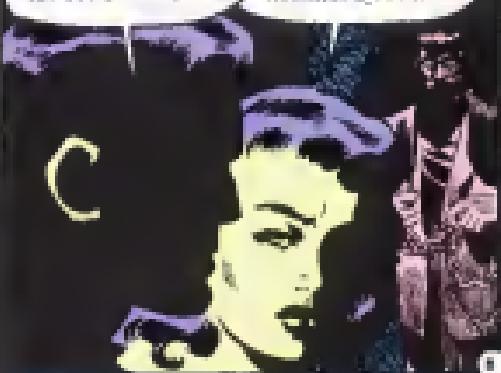
HERE! HERE'S AN
EMPTY DISPLAY
YOU CAN REST
HERE!

IT LOOKS... LIKE
SOME KIND OF
TORTURE CHAMBER...



AS SOON AS YOU CATCH
YOUR BREATH, WE'LL
GET OUT OF HERE, RUTH!

THE DINER... HE WANTS
TO BE A ~~WALKABOUT~~ A
HOMOZOIC ~~WALKABOUT~~





NO MORE WILL THEY LAUGH AT MY EXHIBITS! LOOK! BECAUSE I USE REAL PEOPLE! AND THIS IS MY LAST DISPLAY, A HORROR PARK! TORTURE CHAMBER! THANKS TO YOU TWO, LIKE THE GHOSTS WHO WALKED INTO THE DESERTED AMUSEMENT PARK AND FOUND THIS RIDE!

I WILL BE ABLE TO FINISH IT! THERE'S NO ONE RUNNING... YOU CAN'T GET OUT! THE EXIT IS CLOSED... AND LOCKED!

RUTH, RUTH!
JOHN-JOHN!
I'LL GET YOU... NEVER FEAR...





IT WAS THE MOST UNUSUAL FRATERNITY INITIATION EVER SEEN ON THE CAMPUS... OR ON ANY OTHER CAMPUS, FOR THAT MATTER. THE THREE PLEDGEEES WERE TAKEN OUT TO THE OLD PALMER HOME ON THAT INFAMOUS NIGHT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND INSTEAD OF THE PLACE BEING AMUSINGLY HAUNTED, IT TURNED INTO A—

HOUSE OF HORROR



IT WAS ON A NIGHT IN 1934 THAT THIS STRANGE TALE HAD ITS BEGINNING! TODAY, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, THERE IS STILL NO EXPLANATION FOR WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PALMER PLACE!

GET A LOAD OF LEE WILTON
BACK THERE... SCARING THE SHIT
OUT OF THOSE POOR FRESHMEN!



HE'S GONE ABOUT
PREPARING THIS HOUSE
FOR THE INITIATION AS IF
IT WERE THE CLOSING
RECORDS OF THE BIG
GAME!

HE CLAIMS THAT
EVEN IF IT WAS
JUST AN OLD
DUMP BEFORE...
IT IS HAUNTED
HOW!



...AND AS THE LAST STEP IN YOUR
MAKING, BOYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO
PASS THE TEST OF COURAGE /
A LONG JOURNEY INTO THE
OLD PALMER PLACE WHICH
LEGEND TELLS US IS
HAUNTED!

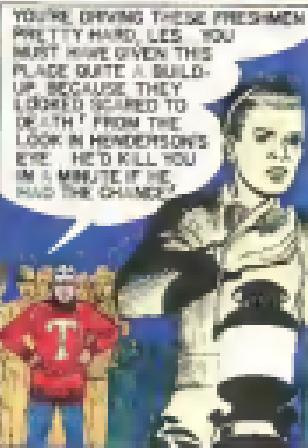
EACH ONE OF YOU WILL FOLLOW
THE INSTRUCTIONS I GAVE
ON THE RIDE OUT HERE / IF
ANYONE WANTS TO DROP
OUT NOW, LET HIM SPEAK UP
OR SHUT HIS MOUTH FOR
EVERYONE
REALLY /

HERE'S YOUR LIGHT, HENDERSON.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL START THE
BALL, ROLLING / AND REST AS-
TAINED OF ONE THING, BOYS, THIS
IS NO SCHOOLBOY PRANK. AS
YOU'LL SOON LEARN
HEN, HEN!



WAVE THAT LANTERN AT US
FROM THE FIRST AND SECOND
LANDINGS, HENDERSON, AND
JUST KNOCK YOUR HEELS IN THE
ATTIC TILL I COME UP FOR YOU.
IF YOU'RE NOT ALREADY BATHED
IN POOL SWEAT, THAT IS!

YOU'RE DRIVING THESE FRESHMEN
PRETTY HARD, LES. YOU
MUST HAVE GIVEN THIS
PLACE QUITE A BUILD-
UP, BECAUSE THEY
LOOKED SCARED TO
DEATH / FROM THE
LOOK IN HENDERSON'S
EYE, HE'D KILL YOU
IN A MINUTE IF HE
HAD THE CHANCE.

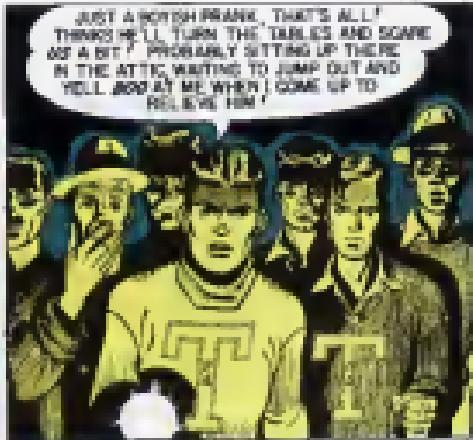


THERE! HE
IS MORE
REASING THAT
LANTERN
AT THE FIRST
FLOOR WINDOW!

NOW THE FUN
STARTED! I WENT
THROUGH THAT
PLACE LAST
WEEK, RIGGED
A FEW CON-
TRACTORS FOR
THE BOYS TO
TRIP OVER.
DUE TO BE GOOD
FOR SOME LAUGHS
BEFORE THE EVE-
NING'S OVER!



THERE HE IS AGAIN
POOR KID MUST
HAVE RAN ALL THE
WAY UP TO THE
SECOND FLOOR! AS
IF THERE WAS A
A GHOST BEHIND 'IM!



SO WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHANGE OF PLANS. TO MEET THE BEMERON CAT INSTEAD OF LEE WILTON GOING UP THERE. WELL FOR THE SECOND PLEDGE! HEY, WATERS!



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT WILTON'S GOT THESE FRESH-MEN SHAKING IN THEIR BOOTS! NO GUY WOULD NORMALLY TURN ISLE AT THE THOUGHT OF A HAUNTED HOUSE... UNLESS HE THOUGHT THERE WAS DIRTY MONEY INVOLVED.



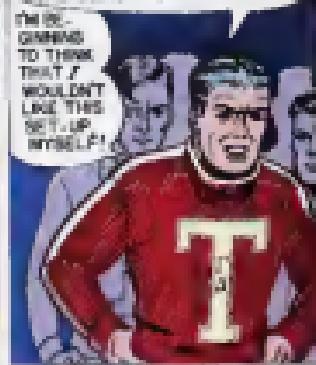
WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING TO THAT HOUSE, WILTON? THESE GUYS HAVE A LOOK OF ABSOLUTE DISBELIEF ON THEIR FACES!



LET'S HARRPENED AGAIN. WILTON'S BEING PREACHY AGAIN. THAT ATTIC WINDOW! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS...



HEH HEH! LOOK AT HIS FACE, WILL YOU! IMAGINE THAT: A BROWN MAN, SHAKING LIKE A TEEN-AGE GIRL, GOING POST A GHOSTBUSTERS!



YOU AILING. C'MON OVER HERE! YOU'RE NEXT, MAN. GO UP TO THAT ATTIC AND TELL THOSE PALS OF YOURS TO STOP THEIR MONKEY-SHINES! THIS IS A FRATERNITY INITIATION... NOT A SCHOOLBOY PRANK!



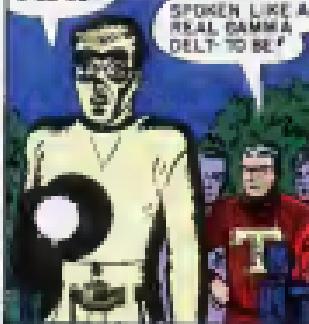
HEH, HEH! LOOK AT 'IM SHAKIN'! BET THE OTHER TWO'LL HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR AILING. THINKIN' IT'S THEIR BLOWIE, LES WILTON!



I-I DON'T THINK T... T'D CARE. OR THEY'LL FIND YOU IN A DITCH! I DON'T THINK UP THIS PLACE JUST TO HAVE A COUPLE PUNKS SPOIL OUR FUN! IF THE THREE OF YOU ARE PLANNIN' TO GIVE ME A SCARE, YOU'LL REGRET IT!



W. WE DIDN'T PLAN ANY JOKES LIKE T... THAT! AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS... IT'S INHOT LIKE RIVERS AND HENDERSON TO FOOL AROUND! B... BUT I'LL GO!



BUT, 'NUTHIN'S WRONG UP THERE... AILING'S AT THE FIRST FLOOR, SAFE AND SOUND!' FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE HE MUST HAVE STUMLED OVER THAT SKELETON I BORROWED FROM THE LAB, TOO!



HE'S AT THE... ON HIS WAY TO THE SECOND FLOOR! HOLD YOUR BREATH, BOYS. HERE'S WHERE THE REAL FUN BEGINS... IN THE NEXT SEVENTY SECONDS.



FIVE MINUTES, WILTON... AND NO SIGN OF AILING? ALL THREE OF 'EM GONE?



THE STUPID PUNKS... TOO YOUNG TO TAKE THAT LAST FLIGHT OF STEPS! I'LL SHOW 'EM AWEA FEAR...



SIMME THAT LIGHT, JENKINS. I'LL GO UP THERE MYSELF! FIRST TO PROVE TO ALL OF YOU THAT THERE'S NO CANVER UP THERE AND SECOND, TO RICK THOSE GUYS OUT OF THAT PLAGE... AND OUT OF THE GAMMA DELTA!



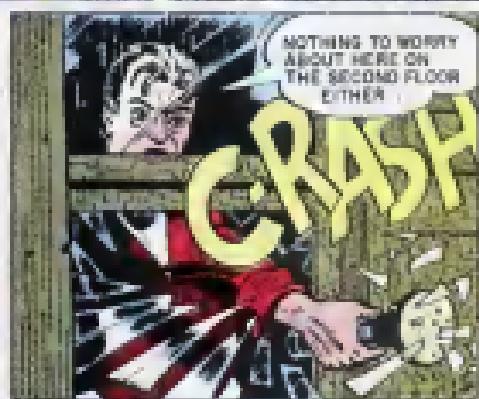
MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET WILTON PLAN THIS WHOLE INITIATION BY HIMSELF! HE'S LIABLE TO GO OVERBOARD OR ON THIS HALTING BUSINESS. THE BOYS IN THAT HOUSE MAY HAVE HURT THEMSELVES!



I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THIS WHOLE SET-UP! THE WINDOW... IT'S BEEN SMASHED!

I... IT'S WILTON!

THOUGHT I'D INJECT A LITTLE EXCITEMENT INTO THIS INITIATION. DO I LOOK ANY THE WORSE FOR WEAR?



THE SECONDS TICKED BY IN THAT LONELY AREA KNOWN AS PALMOR'S PLACE. SECONDS BECAME MINUTES AND THE MINUTES STRETCHED INTERMINABLY.

FIFTEEN MINUTES. THERE AF-
TER SOMETHING'S WRONG UP THERE!



SOMETHING'S GOING ON IN THAT HOUSE THAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT! AND THE WAY THOSE THREE FRESHMAN HATES WILTON. THEY MAY HAVE GIVEN HIM A BAD BEATING!



WE'LL COMB THIS PLACE UNTIL WE FIND ALL FOUR OF 'EM' HERE. FRED, SEARCH EACH ROOM WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB. WE'LL SET THIS THING STRAIGHTED OUT IT TAKES THE REST OF THE NIGHT!



NOT A TRACE OF ANYONE IN THE FRONT ROOM OR ANY OF THE OTHERS EITHER. THE COOK WASN'T EVEN DISTURBED.

AND OUTSIDE, NO FOOT-PRINTS? WHICH MEANS THEY'RE ALL STILL IN THE HOUSE!



NO ONE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER? AND SINCE NO ONE COULD HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE, THEY MUST ALL BE UP THERE!

IS THE APPARITION?



T. THIS IS PROBABLY WILTON'S IDEA OF A JOKE - HAVING THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US. W. WELL - HERE GOES.

T. THE DOOR, IT OPENS EASILY! AS IF SOMEONE ELSE OPENED IT BEFORE US OR SOMETHING.



WITHIN HALF-A-HOUR THE POLICE HAD ARRIVED AT PALMER'S PLACE, AND A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PREMISES REVEALED ONE STARTLING FACT

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS. NEVER EVEN HEARS OF ITS EQUAL! THAT WILTON KID CAN'T GET A COHERENT WORD OUT OF HIM HIS MIND IS CRACKED. HE'S COMPLETELY INSANE! AND THE OTHERS FANTASISTS!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE POLICE SEARCHED THE BUILDING THE NEXT FEW DAYS BUT NO FURTHER INFORMATION WAS UNCOVERED...

AND THEN, ABOUT A WEEK AFTER THE NIGHT OF HORROR

THERE SHE GOES - CONSUMED TO FLAMES BY THE COUNTY COMMISSIONER! AND WITHOUT THE LAST TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO AYLING, WATERS AND HENDERSON!



FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IT HAPPENED. AND NO EXPLANATION HAS EVER BEEN FOUND AS TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE THREE FRESHMEN OR WHATAWFUL HORRORS LEE WILTON SAW IN THE MOMENTS BEFORE HIS MIND CRUMPLED!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

GREETINGS, DEAR READER! WE MEET AGAIN! REMEMBER ME? I AM THE OLD BOTTONY. IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAGAZINE, I DRAW A FEARFUL TALE. HERE MYT CAULDRON! THIS TIME, I HAVE COOKED UP A CHILLER - DILLYER! I CALL IT...

DEATH SUITED HIM!



MY STORY BEGINS ON A BLACK NIGHT IN A DESERTED GRAVEYARD. THE SOUND OF DRUMS SHATTERS THE DEAD SILENCE.

JUST THIS LAST TAEE, JOHN BAXTER... AND THEN, TOMORROW MORNING, MY VICTORY WILL BE COMPLETE!



WILLYA, THE DARK FIGURE SPADS THE SOFT EARTH, OPENING THE EVER-BICKING BLACK HOLE...

A FEW MORE FEET AND I'LL REACH YOUR COFFIN, JOHN BAXTER. AND THAT COULD TAKE DO... THEM, I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING!





THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS! JOHN BAXTER AND LAWRENCE CABOTT WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL. JOHN WAS RICH... WHILE LARRY JUST MANAGED TO SCRAPE UP ENOUGH TO GET THROUGH COLLEGE...



AND THEN THAT FATHERLY DAY ARRIVED! THE FRATERNITY THAT JOHN AND LARRY BELONGED TO WAS INVITED TO A GRADUATION DANCE, GIVEN BY MARNEY ANDERSON'S SORORITY.



IT WAS A BIG BREAK FOR LARRY! JOHN JEALOUS FIGURED, AND SO HE WENT TO THAT DANCE... WHILE LARRY STAYED BEHIND...

GABOTT! JUST MY LUCK! JOHN'LL PROBABLY MAKE THEM WITH MARNEY TONIGHT!



BUT WHEN THE BOYS RETURNED LATE THAT NIGHT...
HEY, LARRY! CONGRATULATIONS! I HOPE ME! MARNEY AND I ARE JEALOUS! WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED RIGHT AFTER GRADUATION!



IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT DAMNED FLICKER OF YOURS,
JOHN BAXTER, NANCY ANDERSON WOULD HAVE BEEN
MY WIFE!



BUT...WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT, YOU ASK? LET ME
CONTINUE! JOHN AND NANCY WERE MARRIED!

SO AM I, LARRY!
KEEP THE BRIDE!



NANCY'S FATHER GAVE JOHN A GOOD
POSITION IN HIS FIRM, AND JOHN WAS
DELICATELY...

YES, MR.
BAXTER!



...WHILE IN HIS SMALL OFFICELARRY
STRUGGLED TO MAKE JOHN MEET...

DAY IN AND DAY OUT...WAITING
FOR THAT PHONE TO RING FINALLY...
...WAITING! WILL I EVER BE A
SUCCESSIONARY?



...AND BROOKLYN...

JOHN WENT IN JOHN'S SHOES TODAY!
I'D HAVE EVERYTHING THAT
WE HAD...



...AND THEN HE MADE HIS DECISION...

BUT I CAN HAVE NANCY...JOHN'S JOB...MONSTER
FRESTER! I'LL TAKE THEM FROM HIM! THEY
SHOULD BE MINE, ANTHONY! I'LL KILL HIM!



LARRY CARET PLANNED IT VERY CAREFULLY...EVERY
DETAIL! ONE NIGHT, ON A LONG LY ROAD...



LARRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE
HOUSE FOR DINNER! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

MY CAR BROKE DOWN,
JOHN! I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR YOU TO
COME ALONE!



AS HE STRUCK MARY, LARRY GRABBED THE WHEEL AND SWIVED THE CAR TO A STOP! THEN HE DROVE TO A POINT WHERE THE ROAD DESCENDED A MOUNTAIN... .



PROFOUND THE UNCONSCIOUS PHASE OF JOHN BEHIND THE WHEEL, LARRY RELEASED THE BRAKE ON THE CAR AND LET IT ROLL TOWARDS THE CLIFF EDGE! THEN... .



THEY CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT! LARRY'S PLAN HAD WORKED PERFECTLY! AT THE FUNERAL, HE CONFRONTED THE GRIEF-STRIKED MARY.

CHIN UP, MARY! HE WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT! THAT MAN... BOB... BOB...



THE MONTHS PASSED, AND LARRY CAST GLOOM TO GAIL MORE AND MORE OFTEN AT THE HOME OF THE YOUNG WEDDING-BELLIED BAXTER... .

YOU'VE HAD YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU, LARRY! YOU CAN'T THROW IT AWAY!



AND THEN... ONE EVENING... .

BOB! YOU KNOW HOW I'VE FEEL ABOUT YOU... EVER SINCE COLLEGE!

YOU'RE SWEET, LARRY!





HA-HA! IT'S A WOMAN AT LAST, JOHN BARTER! IT'S A WOMAN AT LAST!

I'VE GOT IT ALL! EVERYTHING I WOULD HAVE GOTTERN IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT JEWESS! YOU HAD WHEN WE WERE IN COLLEGE! BUT NOW... I...



THE GATES TO THE CEMETERY CREAKED OPEN, AND LARRY... HE EYES WIDE AND STARING... ENTERED! HE CARRIED A SPADE...



HOOH FOKEED! THAT WOULD CROWN MY VICTORY! TOMORROW WHEN I MARRY MARY, I'LL WEAR FOKEED! THE ONE THEY BURNED YOU IN!



Slowly he made his way across the cemetery... between the headstones... until he came to the one marked 'JOHN BARTER'...





LARRY CANTY REMOVED THE ZOOKEEPER FROM THE COFFIN OF JOHN BAXTER AND RE-COVERED THE SHIRT THEN...

YOU THINK HE'S DEAD, DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU MAY BE RIGHT! IN ANY CASE, THE NEXT MORNING LARRY DRESSED IN JOHN'S TUXEDO...



THE CHURCH WAS HOT, AND AS LARRY STOOD IN THE WEDDING, WAITING FOR THE CEREMONY TO BEGIN...

SOON THE FAMILIAR STRAINS OF THE WEDDING MARCH ECHOED THROUGH THE VAULTED ROOM...



NANCY MADE HER APPEARANCE AND STARTED DOWN THE LONG AISLE...

H. HURRY! I CAN'T BREATHE! I DON'T THINK I CAN LAST THROUGH THE CEREMONY!



LARRY'S BRAIN WAS RELENTLESSLY PUSHER HIM AS HE STOPPED FORWARD...

CRUSHING... THE LIFE OUT OF ME... NOT... CAN'T BREATHE!

WE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER TO WITNESS THE...



THEM WERE PLANTS, NOW... THEN A CURE...

...LET ME SPEAK NOW... OR FOREVER HOLD HIS PEACE...

JOHN... HE... HE'S CRUSHING ME... KILLING ME... IT...



OR A LAST MAD FIT, BEFORE THE BLACKNESS CLOSED IN, LARRY TOOK JOHN'S TUXEDO FROM HIMSELF.



THE GROUP THAT HAD COME TO WITNESS THE WEDDING WAS SHOCKED! SOMEONE RUSHED FORWARD TO EXAMINE THE PROSTRATE LARRY...

HE... HE'S DEAD! DEAD?



TEST HE WAS DEATH AFTER A MEDICAL EXAMINATION WAS MADE...

STRANGE! THIS REPORT... EMBALMER SAYS THAT LARRY ONE AND FELLOWS OF POSSUMBE FROM EMBALMING FUND...

...BUT HOW COULD LARRY EVER COME IN CONTACT WITH POSSUM?



HE, HE, HE! I KNOW HOW, DON'T WE? DEAR REAGAN! WHEN LARRY GOT NOT UNDER THE DOLLAR, HIS BODY ABSORBED THE AMALGAMATED FLUID WHICH HAD CONTAMINATED JOHN'S POSSUM! AND ADAM LARRY REALLY HAS EVERYTHING THAT JOHN HAD: NO MANS, NO JOB, NO PROSTITUTE... NO ANYTHING! JUST A MERE COW, GOTTIN' IN A MERE COW, REAGAN!

